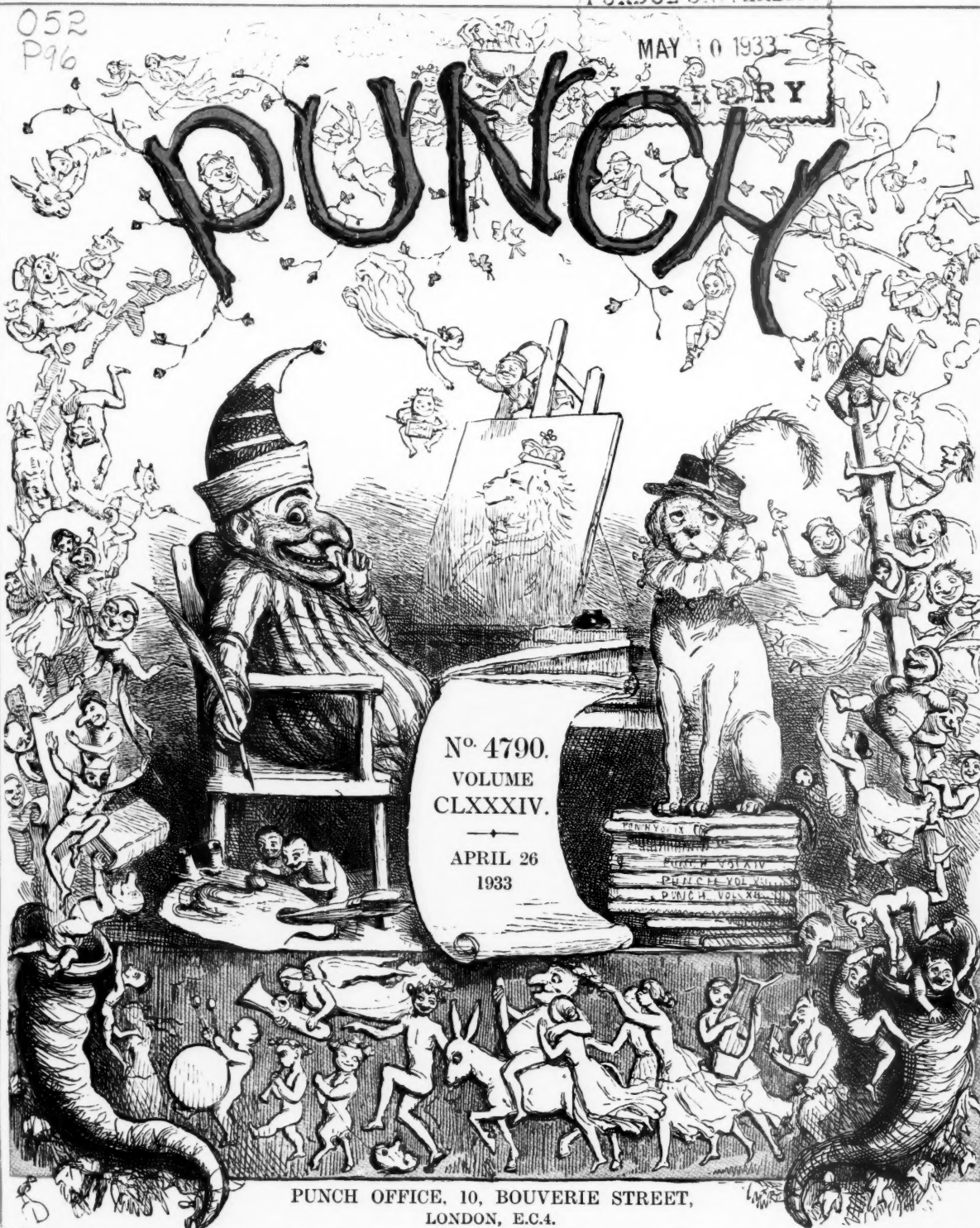


SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

— USED WHEREVER GOOD FOOD IS SERVED — 15 TEMPTING VARIETIES —

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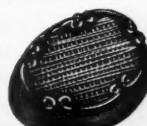
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The World's best Night-cap

Charivaria.

A DOCTOR informs us that yawning after a meal is a strong symptom of indigestion. This statement should be very encouraging to after-dinner speakers.

In resolving to make Rome the centre of International Association Football next year, Signor MUSSOLINI is understood to have been inspired by the ambition of contesting the claim that all roads lead to Wembley.

A man was recently charged with stealing a bottle of whisky, a meat-pie and a cornet. It is thought that his idea was to go for a nice restful charabanc ride in the country.

Someone has discovered that the Crystal Palace can be seen from the Strand. But even this scarcely accounts for the present congestion in that thoroughfare.

We are informed that the three leading male dress-designers were all at Cambridge. The question arises: What is wrong with Oxford dress-designing?

A Prestatyn woman broke an egg for a custard and in the shell found a half-penny. Manufacturers of custard-powder regard this as the beginning of a campaign to advertise hens by the gift system.

The centenary of the invention of the hansom-cab occurs next month. Confidence is felt that men-about-town of the old school will keep their celebrations within the bounds of decorum.

The mystery of the well-dressed man found wandering in Pall Mall is now explained. It appears that at his home and his club spring-cleaning operations happened to synchronise.

A liner recently ran into a whale. It is said that the accident would not have occurred if the creature had obeyed the ordinary traffic rules and kept to the left.

The savage desert tribes of Africa pay no taxes. It is a mystery therefore what makes them so savage.

A politician has had a three-minute speech recorded for the gramophone. Fortunately there are two sides to everything.

"Give me Land's End!" writes Mr. WILLIAM PLATT to *The Daily Express*. No doubt they will.

On late Saturday nights at the Zoo half-crown dinners will be provided. It would be only fair at these times if inmates were given an opportunity to see the visitors fed.



Stout Welsher. "ERE, I LEFT 'ARF ME COAT ON THAT BARB-WIRE!"
Partner. "AW, COME ON AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT."
Stout Welsher. "YES, BUT IT WAS THE 'ARF WITH THE MONEY IN THE POCKET."

Eight gold medals were recently stolen from a London shop. It is thought that the Burglars' Sports are imminent.

A chimney-sweep who was illiterate till he was twenty-six has since become an author. It is to his credit that he didn't become an author before.

In San Francisco a man paid six hundred dollars for an hour's conversation on the telephone with his wife in New York. This works out at the rate of ten dollars for every minute he listened.

The Naval authorities are invited to inspect a new ray which, it is claimed, will split anything asunder within a radius of ten miles. No lover of tinned sardines should be without one.

Cæsar under the Microscope.

In days when young Dictators
Are thick upon the ground,
And when their denigrators
Or flatterers abound,
The first who took that turning
And made the question burning
Is now by men of learning
Dissected and discrowned.

Throughout *De Bello Gallico*
Words are not given wings;
Resembling simple calico
Rather than silky things.
He could not paint a gala
Like GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA
Or chirp and twitter tra-la!—
As the canary sings.

Lavish of life and treasures,
Dauntless on land or wave,
He trusted not half measures,
And quarter rarely gave.
When Gaul rebelled he fought her,
Shedding her blood like water.
And spared not from the slaughter
The bravest of her brave.

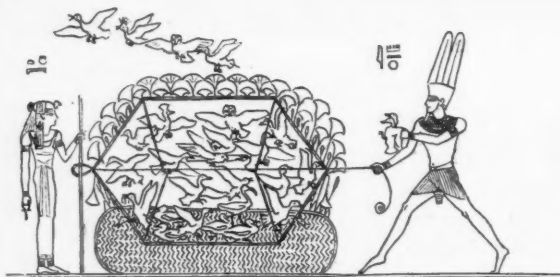
No warrior travelled faster,
None swifter moved his camp,
And never did disaster
His ardent spirit damp,
Until, unhinged by vanity

And deified humanity,
He sacrificed his sanity
To the Egyptian vamp.

Though MOMMSEN's strange misreading
Of facts is dead and done,
And FROUDE's impassioned pleading
Has lost the vogue it won;
Yet still the *Julium sidus*
Remains to warn and guide us
From ills that may betide us
When Glory's race is run.

Some critics say he yielded
To HANNIBAL in skill
Strategic, and he wielded
No Tacitean quill;
Still, though we can't adore him,
Entirely to abhor him
Or wholly to ignore him
Is even harder still.

C. L. G.



AMON went hunting birds. During the night
He ordered Nut to make for him a snare
Horizon-wide and higher than the air,
Woven of cloud threads, tenuous and white.
He told her then to lay it o'er the sky;
To spread it out in darkness, and to set
Mountains upon the edges of the net,
Making a trap for all the birds that fly.
But Nut, the neglected wife, told all to Geb,
Who warned the bird-gods, Horus and wise Thoth.
Swiftly they flew and tore the fragile web,
With beak and claw they rent it in their wrath!
And Amon-Rè, rising to take his toll,
Found all the birds escaping through the hole.

De Luxe.

I HAVE had my hour of splendour. I have proved the half-forgotten glories of the railway system of Great Britain. I have travelled as princes may, and do. Whatever happens to me in the Budget, whoever goes off the Gold Standard to-morrow, I wave this oriflamme in the face of doubt and despair.

Let those who roll along in three-thousand-pound motor-cars (little boxes on wheels) or plough the deep in populous liners (fitted with swimming-pools and mannequin parades) listen to my story of adventure on the iron road.

I got out of the dining-car at W——, for I knew that the dining-car went no further, and walked up the platform till I met a guard.

"Do I go forward for H——?" I asked him in the special tone one uses for guards.

"You don't tell me you're going on to H——?" he said.

I told him that that was my idea.

"Well, well, we must run you through," he replied. And there began to be a gruff yet good-humoured confabulation of officialdom which I didn't for the moment understand.

I got into my coach and went on with my detective-novel, in which we had three corpses nicely buried, I remember, somewhere near the Hog's Back, waiting for the middle of the book to be disinterred. After a while the train pulled out into the night and up into the hills.

About ten minutes later a ticket-inspector visited me, his face all wreathed in smiles.

"What exactly was the trouble at W——?" I inquired.

"Well, we oughtn't none of us to have gone any further to-night," he said. "We stop here. The coaches for H—— should have been picked up by the Birmingham train, only we missed it by twenty minutes or more. But the Company guarantees the connection, so we're going through."

"Are there many passengers?" I asked him.

"Only you," he said. "You have the seven coaches to yourself."

He then removed a tiny piece of cardboard from my ticket—his sole labour on that trip, I suppose.

"Seven coaches to myself!" I murmured; "and even *Cinderella* was content with one."

It took me several minutes to realise the grandeur of my isolation and all the work that was being done on my behalf. When the notion had thoroughly sunk in I could not rest. I went out into the corridor and walked up and down my train, peeping into my various compartments and testing every now and then the cushions of my innumerable seats.

We stopped at all the stations amongst the hills, but nobody had the temerity to come aboard. How much good coal were they burning forrard, I wondered, for my sake and for my sake alone.

Another thought struck me and I went to the rear, where I found the ticket-inspector talking to the guard.

"I suppose your job is over," I said, "when you get to H——?"

"Except for going back again," he informed me. "We all sleep at W——."

"And the driver and the fireman too?"

"Oh, yes."

My brave special rattled on and brought me to H—— at about 11 P.M. There was no red carpet, no photographers and no cheering crowd. In fact the station was half-lit and there was something rather eerie about the end of the magnificent ride. For it seems that we were a sort of ghost-train. The last train for H—— in the ordinary way had long preceded us. My progress from W—— had been announced by telephone, and one or two members of the station staff, I imagine, were sitting up for me. But that was all.

I said good-bye to my companions, apologised for having kept them up so late, and pointed out, in case it should be any consolation to them, that I was a shareholder—a very small shareholder, in the Line. I calculated, in fact, that the magnificent gesture which had transported me from W—— to H—— cost the Company about as much as the dividend I shall receive this year.

I told them also that I would have stopped at W—— for the night if I had been in full possession of the facts. But they seemed quite happy and simply repeated that I had bought my ticket and that the connection was guaranteed.

Would the railways of any other country in the world, harassed by the competition of road transport or not, employ four men and seven coaches to take a lonely passenger over those uplands at that time of night in fulfilment of a pledge?

I doubt it.

Perhaps the most decent thing I could have done would have been to lose my ticket and pay my fare again. For whatever may be said of my driver, my fireman and my guard, I cannot feel that I gave my ticket-collector a working-man's job to do.

When I had left the station I remembered that my umbrella was still lying in the rack. The four functionaries and the seven coaches, roaring into the darkness, took it back to W—— with them. But I know that in the fulness of time it will be restored to me.

EVOE.

"MATRIMONY."

Wanted, Secondhand Guillotine, 30in. to 48in. blade."

Evening Paper.

He seems determined to effect a separation.



THE WORST IS OVER.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "NOW RINSE, PLEASE."



THE CULT OF THE DOG.

"COULDN'T MUMMY'S OWN DARLING ANGEL EAT HIS CHICK-CHICK, THEN?"

Against Farming.

"WHY not take up farming?" people used to say to me. "It's a good open-air life, healthy and all that."

Well, I don't know, you know. Of course there are many excellent things about it—tillage and the rotation of crops, for instance. Tillage has always had an attraction for me. "I think we'll till the Long Field to-morrow, John," you'd say, and he would say, "R, Mr. Dodge, Sur" (if that happened to be your name), and would be up at five the next morning tilling as if his heart would break. Then round about lunchtime you might look over the hedge and tell him to get a move on, and why hadn't the grey mare got her ear-caps on anyway this chilly weather? After which it would be nice to sit on the verandah in the cool of the evening and watch the crops rotate.

The mere joy of possession too must help to make the farmer's life supportable. I have never owned a field of

turnips, but I can readily imagine that to do so would be a source of unending gratification. When one considers the almost unbearable pride of a man who has succeeded in raising even a single line of peas in the back-garden, what must be the feelings of him who has some three-hundred rows of turnips, each a mile-and-a-half long, and all doing well? Would he love to show the guests round after tea, or wouldn't he? Oh boy!

And the hay! I was almost forgetting the hay. If there is any one thing more pleasant than sitting on top of somebody else's haystack it must be sitting on top of your own. You could sit there for hours, literally hours, reading *The Farmer's Year-Book*, and never a thought of anyone shouting, "Hi you, come on out of that!" and helping you down with a pitchfork. Of course there might be bugs—I realise that; but who cares about bugs when he can lie in his own hay on a drowsy summer afternoon with the hum of the threshing-machine in his ears and a pair of stout corduroys

protecting his lower limbs? Not I, forsooth.

But in spite of all these undeniable attractions my outlook on life remains sternly anti-agricultural. "How come?" you will say, and you will say it, I think, with a certain measure of justification. What right have I in the face of such admissions to refuse the comfort of my presence in the ranks of so indispensable and so hard-hit an industry? Well, the fact is I can't stand the livestock; and a farm without livestock is unthinkable to any decent-minded man. There must be horses for one thing, and horses—especially of the cart variety—terrify me. It isn't so much their yellow teeth, or even all that hair round their ankles, it's the way they have of coming at you in a field, a sort of decided businesslike way as if they had a job of work to do and meant to do it. Of course I know it's just high spirits and they want to play and all that, but when a horse comes at me in a field I go right away. It may be selfish of me, but somehow or other I feel that I would rather

play alone. Even a stationary horse distresses me. I don't like the look of its eye when I stand in front of it; I hate the look of its hooves when I stand behind it, and even at the side there is a risk of the animal suddenly coming over queer and falling on you. People may sneer at me for being afraid of horses, but I notice that those who do so take good care to spend most of their time on the things' backs, well out of harm's way. If I could ride I dare say I shouldn't mind them either.

Cows are alarming too, but not, I submit, as alarming as horses. They tend to mind their own business more, and on several occasions, though I do not wish to boast, I have passed through a flock or drove of them without perceptibly quickening my pace. Once, in a field near Bishop's Waltham, I waved my stick at a black-and-white one and made it get out of the way, but that was a long time ago. No, my objection to cows is based on deeper, more lasting grounds than mere apprehension. They are, you need not tell me, a kindly thoughtful tribe, without whose aid my morning porridge would be but a sorry dish, and they are held in great veneration alike by Hindus and Zoroastrians; but for all that I cannot, will not respect an animal that thrives on linseed-cake. Turnips, certainly, and mangold-wurzels by all means, but linseed-cake—*emphatically* no! It may seem a small thing by itself, but taken in conjunction with their unsightly hip-bones and the maddening way they have of bellowing in the middle of the night it is enough. I refuse to be pestered with cows.

Sheep one might tolerate, at least until the foot-rot set in, but pigs never. A full-blown household pig saps my faith in the beneficent workings of Providence. If it had a moustache one might perhaps find some sort of excuse for it, but to be clean-shaven and yet make so much noise over one's soup is, to my mind, unpardonable. A pig, they say, is beautiful to a pig, but that, if true, only increases my loathing of the species. A really humble pig, aware of its own baseness, should perhaps command a certain measure of pity, but a conceited pig, a pig strolling about its sty and thinking itself really rather nice, deserves and arouses nothing but the most unmitigated odium. The very thought sends me hurrying on to poultry.

I am not at all frightened of hens and for that reason class them above horses and cows; but here again I find myself not completely in sympathy. They make such a fuss about everything. Their business in life is to pro-



"MY DEAR, LOOK!—A REAL TRAMP. HOW TOO POSITIVELY ROMANTIC!"

duce eggs, just as yours may be to produce hats or blotting-paper, and on the whole they do it very well. But what an uproar! What should we think of a hat-maker who set up a prolonged cry every time a bowler left his factory? We should despise him as a self-important ass; and that is exactly my attitude towards the domestic fowl. If at the end of the year they raised a pean, as the manufacturer does, because a record number of eggs (or hats) had been produced, little or no objection could be raised. It is this harping on a simple everyday occurrence that puts my back up. The male bird, of course, is just another of those foul men who can't get up early in the

morning without wanting to get everybody else up early as well. It would not surprise me to hear that cocks slap each other on the back at breakfast.

A word about turkeys, geese and ducks and I am done. I feel towards the turkey exactly as I feel towards anyone whose cheeks wobble in an exaggerated way when they walk; and as for geese—well, if you have ever been chased through a hedge by a swarm of them you will know fairly accurately what I mean. Not through any love of geese am I likely to take up farming as a career.

I used to be fond of ducks until I learnt that they have skin between their toes. Ugh!

H. F. E.

At the Pictures.

A NEW ACTRESS.

MEMBERS of the Film Society, at whose representations the Censor has no power, are already familiar with the genius of the beautiful German actress, ELISABETH BERGNER; but for the general public *Der Träumende Mund*, at the Academy, the home of Contin-



A COUPLE OF STRINGS.

Peter ANTON EDTHOFER.
Gaby ELISABETH BERGNER.
A Concert Violinist RUDOLF FORSTER.

ental experiments, is her first picture. Here we have, with the greatest concentration and directness, yet another aspect of the eternal triangle, each of the fatal three being superbly impersonated and the dramatic intensity never allowed to relax. The picture is ethnologically of peculiar interest, because the story is so essentially French—it is based on BERNSTEIN's very successful play, *Melo*—and the personalities are so essentially German. Such is the quality, both of acting and photography, that in a minute or two the border-line between the screen and the stage is crossed and everything seems to be flesh and blood.

Frau BERGNER is referred to in the programme-leaflet as the successor to SARAH BEERNHARDT, although to my mind she has more suggestions of ELEONORA DUSE; but she is so much herself, with such a power of quietude and such irresistible fluctuations from grave to gay, that comparisons may well be omitted. She is most capably and convincingly supported by ANTON EDTHOFER as the simple impulsive husband whom, in all her straying, she loves, and by RUDOLF FORSTER as the invincible violinist, as fine a figure, as

he waits for his moment in the concerto, almost as the great immobile JOACHIM himself. And incidentally let me say this for the producer of this drama—that the audience at the recital is the best ever seen on the screen. Usually we are confronted by a miscellaneous crowd of supers in evening-dress; but here they persuade us that they are amateurs of music.

When I read *State Fair*, by PHIL STONG, I thought it one of the most entertaining stories that for a long while the United States have sent us. It was both a good story, page by page, and in the mass a good commentary on life, where nothing remains the same and you never know at what moment the influences for change may arrive. The film version (at the Capitol) does its best to repeat that effect of the book, but, oddly enough, its translation into visibility is not reinforcing. I personally would rather not think of *Margy* in terms of JANET GAYNOR, and of that very attractive child of passion and caprice, *Emily*, as though she were SALLY EILERS. Even WILL ROGERS, whom one would say was the ideal representative of *Abel Frake*, the monopolistic owner of Blue Boy, the prize hog, does not enrich the character as PHIL STONG draws him. It is all very curious, and brings me back to an old



A CHAMPION AND ITS CHARGE.

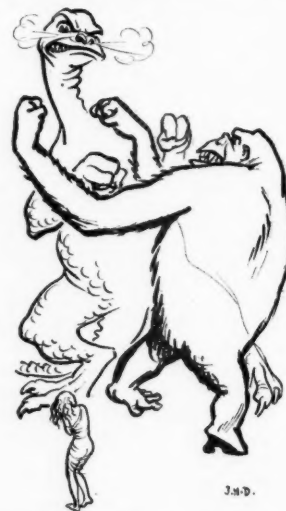
Abel Frake WILL ROGERS.

contention that films should be born, not remade; they should not be adaptations from other genres, such as the drama and the novel, but be invented from the word go.

As, however, few of the thousands of people who have been crowding to see *State Fair*, and will crowd, have read the novel, all is well. The film, for them, is full of interest and antici-

tions. But I must warn them that in this story of a symmetrical life as it was planned by the author, the telephone does not ring at the end, and *Margy's* frantic but exultant rush through the rain to *Pat's* car is a studio addition: a concession to a sentimental public.

Of *King Kong* at the Coliseum it must at once be said that it was born and not remade. The plot was the first of the series that EDGAR WALLACE went to



PRIMEVAL PETE F. JUNGLE JIM;
OR, THE FILM BEAUTY'S ECLIPSE.

Hollywood to make, dying there before he had time to complete any of the others; and it has a grandiosity of improbability worthy of him, although the camera-man has been the predominant partner. How the effects have been attained is a mystery, but there they are: *Kong* himself, a gigantic member of the ape family, big enough for a full-grown young woman to look like a figurine in his clenched fist; a water-serpent crunching able-bodied seamen in its jaws; a dinosaur in terrifying death-throes—these are some of the marvels of this amazing picture. Such acting as the poor human beings are called upon to supply is sound enough, but the main attraction is the prehistoric nightmare that is provided, with some lovely tropical backgrounds in the glamour of which we sit enthralled. Not so lost, however, as to refrain from asking each other how that rope got there.

The savage chieftain not only is an imposing figure, but he seemed to me to gain a certain appropriateness from his resemblance to that race-course potentate of whom EDGAR WALLACE made a *protégé* and who attended his funeral at Great Marlow in complete war-paint.

E. V. L.

This is for Women.

The Safe Method.

EVERYTHING is beginning to come up in the garden at last. Of course, seeds like lettuce, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, beetroot (*see any reliable seed-catalogue*), etc., would have been up earlier if the weather had been colder and the birds really hungry; but the bigger plants, and especially fruit-trees, are at about the usual stage. The buds are just opening, but the tits have not noticed it yet, so now is the time to begin the spring offensive against Animal and Insect and Bird Pests (*see the Ministry of Agriculture's leaflets*).

Spraying, everyone who grows fruit will tell you, is absolutely essential to-day. This is because of the splendid work done by the Ministry. Every year they manage to find some new insect that will absolutely ruin the crop if it is allowed to remain; and so successful have they been that there are now so many that only constant vigilance will keep them in check at all. In many orchards, in fact, lack of space has made the trees unable to accommodate all the pests they might otherwise have secured.

You don't want your fruit to be like that, do you? Well, this is the way to prevent it and to keep yourself with a continual supply of unblemished fruit, free from bird, beast and insect. First—

CONTROL OF INSECTS.

In olden days grease-bands were wrapped round the stems of trees to prevent moths and things creeping up. Unfortunately it also prevented moths and things from creeping down, and as no right-minded fruit-grower would keep a moth or anything up his fruit-trees against its will, it is being abandoned and its place is taken by

Spraying.

Spraying may have three results. If the mixture is too strong the insects will be killed; so will the fruit. If it is too weak the fruit will not be injured; nor will the insects. If it is just right it will be a miracle.

The right time to spray is—(1) when the buds are not opening; (2) when the buds are opening; (3) when the buds have opened. Or between any of these times. Or any time. N.B.—But it must be the *Right Time*.

One of these times, or stages, is called the Mouse-car stage and one the Pink-bud stage.

The advantage of spraying is that the insects that usually get the fruit don't. This of course means that the insects that don't usually eat the fruit do. It also means that the birds who usually eat the insects that generally eat the fruit don't. They just eat the fruit instead.

CONTROL OF BIRD PESTS.

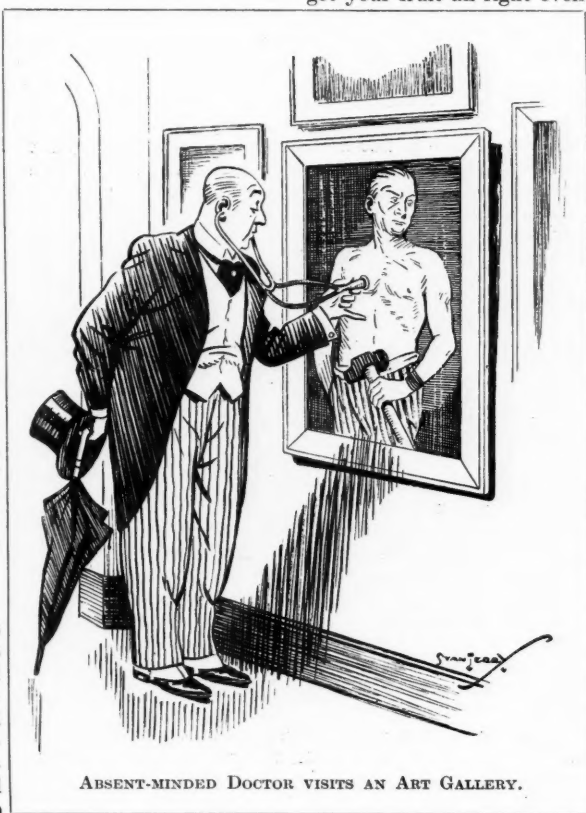
To prevent the birds eating the fruit cover the trees with netting. This costs rather a lot, but if it will save the fruit it is surely worth it. If. Obviously the netting must be small enough to keep out the birds, but not small enough to keep out the bees, or the flowers will not be pollinated and there will be no fruit to keep the birds from eating. This netting, you will see at once (oh, yes, you will!), will allow the wasps also to enter and eat the fruit. To prevent this, let the bees in, and the moment the blossoms set cover over quickly with fine muslin while the fruit ripens. This will keep the wasps from entering. It will also keep the fruit from ripening for a time, but never mind. You will get your fruit all right eventually.

Meanwhile you can take your summer holidays.

On your return you will find the fruit has completely ripened. It has also fallen to the ground through a hole in the netting and muslin. Also something has eaten it. A glance at the remains will show you that this is the mouse-definitely-here stage.

CONTROL OF MICE, ETC.

Get a large crate and cover in with wire gauze (fine gauge) so that air can enter, but not flies, birds or mice. On one side make a door, also covered with wire gauze. Place this in a cool place. Now pick up your telephone and order what fruit you require from the nearest grocer. See that it is the best fruit, otherwise the method may fail. The moment it arrives place it in the box you have prepared and shut the door. Do this every week (or every day) regularly. You will now find you have a constant supply of really good fruit, absolutely free from attack by insect, bird or mouse. This is, in fact, the only really Safe Method.



ABSENT-MINDED DOCTOR VISITS AN ART GALLERY.

The Ziggurat and Temenos.

(With apologies to Dr. WOOLLEY's interesting Broadcast on his discoveries at Ur, and to LEWIS CARROLL.)

THE Ziggurat and Temenos

Stood in an Urrish land;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

"If Dr. LEONARD WOOLLEY, now,
Swept us for half-a-year,
I wonder," said the Ziggurat,
"If that would get us clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Temenos,
And shed a bitter tear.



Misleading Cases.

The Postmaster General v. Slate.
(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE MOLE).

A CONSIDERED judgment was delivered in the Bookmaker's Telephone Case to-day. His Lordship said:—

"In this difficult case the Post Office claims certain sums, being the amount of a quarter's arrears of fees for the hire and use of one of His Majesty's telephones. It is clear that the defendant did make the usual agreement to pay the usual charges for the rental and use of the telephone; and the charges are above the average, for he seems to have passed most of the day in sending messages about the land by telephone and telegram. But the evidence is that he has gone out of business and refuses to pay; he has not made an appearance or entered any defence; and in the ordinary course judgment would be entered for the Crown, with costs.

"But the position is complicated by the nature of the defendant's business. Mr. Slate is, or was at the date of the contract and during the period in which the charges were incurred, a 'credit' bookmaker or, as he preferred to describe himself, a 'Turf Accountant.' The character of his business was known to the Post Office when the contract was made: he is described in their own *Telephone Directory* as a 'Turf Accountant,' and it is not contended that the Post Office were so innocent as to suppose that by 'Turf Accountant' was meant a man who dealt with accounts concerning some innocent traffic in the raw material of tennis-lawns or cricket-grounds. The Post Office knew he was a bookmaker; not, it is true, a 'cash' bookmaker who bets unlawfully (except upon a racecourse), but a 'credit' bookmaker who bets in his own house and is winked at by the law.

"He is winked at; that is to say, he is not chivvied about and from time to time arrested by the police, like his brother who bets in cash, in his own house or in the public street.

"Why is he winked at? It is quite wrong to suppose, as many people do, that the law perceives some mystical virtue in betting on credit which places it on a higher moral plane than betting

on a 'cash down' basis. Indeed, as the good Mr. Haddock has often pointed out, the contrary might well be asserted, for he who bets in cash bets with money which he actually possesses, while he who bets on credit bets with money which he may not possess and, if he loses, will have to acquire by fair means or foul. As Lord Mildeu said in *Fox v The Sporting Life* ([1917] 2 A.C.) 'Few men steal in order to bet in cash; but many have stolen because they betted on credit.'

"Then what is the reason of the wink? The defendant owned and occupied the premises in question purely for the purpose of a betting business; and in them he betted for and with the public all day and every day. Yet this house is not a 'betting house' under the Betting Act of 1853, for that Act was passed before the public telephone was thought of, and it described a betting house as a place to which persons were induced to 'resort' for the purpose of betting. And forty-one years later (in the case of *The Queen v. Brown*) some learned judges of the High Court held that the word 'resorting' must be construed in the ordinary sense of physically resorting, so that a house kept for the purpose of betting by telephone, telegram and letter was not a betting house. But for the fact that credit-betting was an indulgence of the rich and not of the poor, Parliament, no doubt, would have quickly blocked this loophole in the law; but, as it was, nothing was done. So, through the evasions of judges, the indolence of the Legislature and the ignorance of the people, what began as an historical accident has gradually acquired the status of a moral principle. The student of the laws of England may rub his eyes in pained astonishment, but it is not the first time that such a thing has happened, and I do not suppose that it will be the last.

"The wink, then, is only a wink, and, like other winks, should not be thought to have any serious or moral significance. The general attitude of the law to the transactions of the bookmaker, whether 'cash' or 'credit,' is the same—that is to say, unfriendly and even, in certain cases, forbidding. The Court will not lift a finger to enforce the betting agreements of him or his clients or, as a rule, assist them in any matter which springs from the same source.

"Now this attitude is founded on a principle much wider than the law's disfavour towards gaming, wagering and betting. *Ex turpi causa non oritur actio*; or, as it was ably expressed by Lord Lick in *Pope v. The Ealing*

Guardians, "A good cause of action cannot be founded on a moral swamp," or, less elegantly, by Lord Mildeu in *French Plays, Ltd. v. The Mayor of Hackney* ([1910] 2 K.B.) 'A dirty dog will get no dinner here.'

"One clear consequence which flows from this principle is that the Courts will not assist a person to recover the price of an article which he knows, when he is selling it, is being purchased for an illegal or immoral purpose. Far off in 1866 (*Pearce v. Brooks*, L.R. 1 Ex. 213), it was held that a coach-builder who knows that a woman is a woman of a certain character cannot recover for the price of a miniature brougham which he lets her have on credit, being well aware that she is going to use the dazzling equipage to attract the gentlemen of the town. 'I have always considered it to be settled law,' said Pollock C.B., 'that any person who contributes to the performance of an illegal act by supplying a thing with knowledge that it is going to be used for that purpose, cannot recover the price of the thing so supplied. . . . Nor can any distinction be made between an illegal and an immoral purpose. . . .'

"Thus, a man who unlawfully supplies drugs to a known drug-fiend will not be permitted to sue him or her for the price.

"The present case appears to me to be exactly similar in character. The Crown regards the business of the defendant as an immoral one and one that ought to be discouraged. If the defendant comes whining to the Crown Courts for justice he will be shooed away with righteous cries of horror. The Postmaster General, a Minister of the Crown, knows perfectly well what his business is, for, with a surprising lack of principle, the Crown prints a description of it in the Crown's own telephone-book; the Crown too knows perfectly well that without postal, telegraph and telephone facilities the defendant would be unable to carry on his immoral business at all, for his clients would then be compelled to visit him in person, which would render him liable to prosecution as the keeper of a betting-house. The Crown knows further that of all the facilities which it supplies to the defendant the telephone is the most vital, that it is indeed the principal tool of his trade; yet it supplies the telephone, the master-key of immorality. And now it comes to the Court to recover the price of it.

"There appears to be no limit to the hypocrisies of His Majesty's Ministers in the matter of wagering and betting (it is worth while to observe that at the very time of the making of this contract

the Postmaster General and his staff were busily opening the letters of the public in order to intercept and arrest any letters containing sweepstake tickets from Ireland); but there is a limit to the forbearance of His Majesty's Judges. The Crown, like other litigants, must come to the Courts with clean hands. It cannot with one hand grab the profits of immorality and with the other beckon to the law for succour. This is a most clear case of *causa turpis*, and no legal action therefore can be permitted to arise from it.

"It was urged by the Attorney-General that I should be influenced by a recent decision of the Court of Appeal, where it was held that a street book-maker could properly be compelled to pay income-tax on the profits of his unlawful business. But there is a very clear distinction between that case and this. The maxim is not *Ex turpi causa non oritur income*—but *actio*. The earning of an income in any manner is to-day almost a criminal offence; and, Parliament having expressly decreed that all incomes shall suffer certain deductions, however nobly or ignobly earned, the Crown does right not to spare the criminal's gains, if it

can lay hands upon them. Moreover, in that case there was no question of contract and no question of the Crown itself having condoned or encouraged the unlawful business on which it levied the tax. If it had been proved that the Crown had knowledge of the character of the defendant's business and had deliberately refrained from arresting him in order that his profits and his income-tax might be as high as possible, I think that my learned brothers might have come to a very different decision.

"But that question does not arise. The Crown is here confronted with a venerable principle of the Common Law, and it can cite no Act of Parliament in derogation of it. The sanctity of contract is not an empty phrase; it expresses the exceptional regard for moral values with which the Courts address themselves to any matter relating to contract. In other departments of litigation we are sometimes compelled to assist a villain and give reluctantly the legal victory to one side, the moral palm to the other. But he who founds his claim upon a contract must have not only the law but the prophets behind him; for contract

is at the bottom of all business, and at the bottom of all business there must be honest dealing. It would be idle to punish men for breaking a proper contract if men were permitted to enforce improper ones. The sanctity of contract is for the righteous and not for the blasphemers. A private citizen would not be permitted to recover the hire of a revolver which he knew was to be used to commit murder; but that is the position of the Crown in this case.

"The action is dismissed, with costs against the Crown." A. P. H.

Largesse Down-Under.

"A social to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. — was held in the — Hall. An inscribed leather suitcase was presented to Mrs. —, a pipe to Mr. —, and Miss — also received gifts.—Walter — received a knock from a cricket ball which fractured a bone in his head."—*Australian Paper*.

"LOCOMOTIVE AS FILM STAR."

Daily Paper.

It could at least do its own puffs.

"Right: The Berlin Rowing Club team which won the Ladies' Fencing Contest for Austria."—*Caption in Egyptian Paper*.
Despite some excellent batting by the Madrid Cycling Club (representing Bulgaria).



"ANYONE THERE?"

"NO ONE OF ANY NEWS-VALUE."

And with a shock I realised that I was caught up willy-nilly in the etymological machine, that I was a mere cog in the great system which was slowly changing the meaning of the word "dull."

Its dictionary definition is "lustreless, obscure, cloudy, stupid or tedious," and up to now it has never been used except in a disparaging sense. Even onomatopœically it is depressing, suggesting as it does a lump of dough being dropped into a very muddy pool. Brightness has been praised and sought after, dullness abhorred and shunned throughout the history of mankind.

But now, I reflected, standing in a trance in the stocking department while the assistant went away in search of another pair—now, owing to a whim of fashion, the whole meaning of the word is being altered. It all began a few years ago with the craze for "dull kid," which is not so much a dunce as a shoe material. Once the eye had got accustomed to this a shiny shoe became the pinnacle of dowdiness and the familiar polishes were ousted by a mysterious preparation known as Matt Kid Reviver. After this there raged the Battle of the Stockings. In the old days the sheen on a silk stocking was considered to be one of its beauties, the chief quality which distinguished it from cotton. The serial stories in the more daring of the penny papers contained frequent references to "gleaming silken ankles" and even "shimmering silken knees"—we were brazen hussies in those days and wore patella-length skirts. Then we discovered that when stockings had too bright a sheen on them it meant that they were made of artificial silk, and we began to avoid them. The artificial silk manufacturers, getting wise to this, immediately invented a way of taking the surplus shine out of their wares, until they were no glossier than real silk. Forthwith the real silk people had to go one better and take *all* the shine out of theirs, so that now they are almost indistinguishable from lisle thread.

That, ladies, is the reason for the popularity of what the assistant, when she finally brought them to me, rather sickeningly described as Delustred Hose. Needless to say, to my vogue-enslaved eye they looked ravishing, and I bought three pairs. And as I walked away I saw several more examples of the craze in other departments—dull-surface satin which looked like saten, and dull-surface velvet which looked like velveteen, and dull-surface ribbon which looked like tape. . . .

I came out into the street feeling very etymological and not a little alarmed. For where is the cult of dullness going to



Bird Lover. "JOHNNY! JOHNNY! HEAR THAT WARBLER?"

end? Will it spread from the material to the spiritual plane? Judging from the trend of recent literature it is already doing so. Before very long, then, gaiety, wit and intelligence will be taboo, while gloom, stupidity and insensitiveness will be all the rage. "My dear," people will say, "you'll adore Reggie Wryneck—he's so delightfully dull." Débutantes will be taught to cultivate a dull smile, hostesses will pray for an overcast sky on the day of their garden-party, and every poet will write a sonnet—or more probably a chant royal—on the dullness of his mistress's eyes.

It is a terrifying prospect. The only consolation I can find to offer is that

one day we may see all the Bright Young Things trooping off in a body to get themselves delustred. JAN.

"Nudus Ara, Sere Nudus."

"Man wanted to strip behind machine and general farm work; house provided."

Berks Paper.

Then why not strip in that?

"Attractive Gungalow. 5 rooms, bath room, &c. Verandah. Bays."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Beware the Gungalow that bays!

Dogs can now be bought on easy terms. The last instalment of a dachshund, of course, is quite a long way from the first.

Alphabet Biscuits.

A Moral Anecdote for the Young.

THE pleasantest time in the nursery is undoubtedly supper-time. Stories go so well then, because even the most boring of them serves to postpone bedtime for a little. So, instead of preparing myself for the evening meal, as I should have done had I been a model guest, I risked being late for it and crept up to the nursery.

Geoffrey, in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, was seated at the table, a plate before him. And on the plate were some of those entrancing biscuits called Alphabet Biscuits—all the letters of the alphabet in edible form.

"Dear me! I haven't seen those for twenty years," I said. "I quite thought they died out with my own youth. Geoffrey, did ever I tell you the story of Mac and the Alphabet Biscuits?"

Geoffrey muttered "No" through a mouthful of letters and gave a wriggle of pleasure. This meant putting off bedtime quite a long way.

"Mac's real name was Montmorency Fitzmontmorency," I began.

"Why did they call him Mac?"

"Because he was so fond of macaroons."

"Oh! How old was he?"

"About your age—six or so. One day Mac was wandering about the town, not thinking of where he was going—"

"What was he thinking of?"

"Macaroons, I expect. Not where he was going, anyway. Presently he found himself in a street he had never been in before. There were high houses on either side, and wedged between two of them was a tiny shop. Over the door was written 'M. AGIC, GROCERY.'"

"Mac stopped in front of it. In his pocket were three pennies which his father, Mr. Fitzmontmorency, or The Fitzmontmorency, had given him that morning for spelling PTERODACTYL correctly at the third attempt.

"I wonder," thought he, 'if they have any macaroons.'

"He went in. A little old man with a bald head and spectacles stood behind the counter.

"Have you any macaroons?" asked Mac.

"No-o-o," said the little old man, 'but I have some Alphabet Biscuits.'

"I'll have two-pennorth," said Mac, who was a careful boy and would not spend all his money at once. He got quite a lot of Alphabet Biscuits for tuppence.

"Just as he was leaving the shop the little old man said, 'Those are magic biscuits, you know. *Whatever you eat you'll be.*' Mac stared at him. 'Yes,' said the old man again, 'whatever you eat you'll be.'

"Mac went off, wondering what on earth he could mean; and while he was wondering he found himself in a street he knew and hurried home. He turned his biscuits out on a plate and looked

again; and then he had a brilliant idea. He had seen a juggler in the market-square some days before, so he ate J U G G L E R, and found that he could juggle with the poker, his mother's hat and a couple of plates with the greatest dexterity.

"This amused him for a long time; but at length he got tired of it and returned to his biscuits. By now there were only four letters left. And what do you think they were?—R U D E. You know what that spells?—Rude. Exactly. He didn't know really whether . . . but he still was very hungry. He simply couldn't resist it. He ate R U D E. And at that moment his mother came into the room. He

put his tongue out at her. She said 'Mac!' and he put it out again. His father came in then and he threw one of the plates at him. They punished him by taking away all his half-crowns. He could still juggle, of course, but he hadn't much time for it because he was always being punished for being rude.

"Once he escaped and searched and searched for the magic grocery that he might buy some more Alphabet Biscuits and eat P O L I T E. But he never could find the grocery again. He's about nine now, and he's ruder than ever. It's a sad story."

Geoffrey sat very still, wrapped in thought.

Presently a seraphic smile spread over his face. He picked out R U D E and ate them. Then his nurse came bustling into the room.

"Bedtime, Geoffrey," she said.

He put out his tongue at her.

A. W. B.

Music at Milking-Time.

"Will trade 5 tube DeForest Crosley battery radio receiving set, for a good milk cow, complete with tubes and loud speaker."

Adet. in *Canadian Paper*.

"BATH HORSE SHOW."

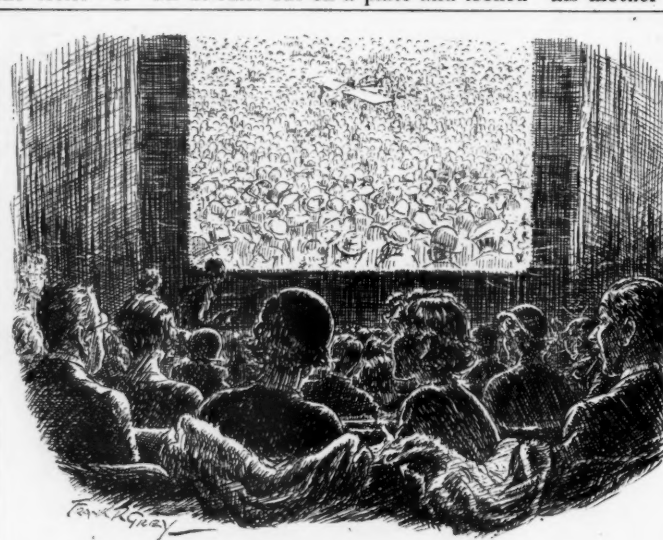
Daily Paper.

Anything in the towel horse class?

"— was summoned for driving at a dangerous speed and without a rear front light.—P. C.— said that . . . the defendant . . . had no rear side front light."

Hampshire Paper.

The constable, at any rate, seems to have been well lit.



Film "Extra" (in Cinema, seeing vast crowd-scene in which she had a part).
"THERE, FRED! I NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED ABOUT THAT LADDER IN MY STOCKING AFTER ALL."

at them. 'Whatever you eat you'll be,' he kept repeating. Without thinking much what he was doing he picked out F A T. 'Whatever you eat you'll be. If I eat F A T—' He ate F A T. Suddenly he felt himself getting fat. Fatter and fatter he got till he thought he would burst. It was awful. Hurriedly he picked out T H I N and ate them. At once he began to get thin again.

"He felt tremendously relieved. And really this was exciting. He ate R I C H and found his pockets full of half-crowns. He ate H A N D S O M E, and went and looked in the glass. His hair had become beautifully curly; but he had the sort of mouth which old ladies insist upon kissing, so he thought it safer to eat P L A I N, and his face resumed its usual appearance. He tried several things, such as T A L L and S H O R T, which he had to turn back



TRAFFIC CONTROL IN GAMBIA.

Tea and "The Times."

("There is no place like home for tea," says "The Thunderer.")

As earnest pilgrims to Dodona's oak
Listened with reverence when the Olympian spoke
And, such the awe the oracle inspired,
The less they understood the more admired,
So, when *The Times* informs us what is what,
I normally assent upon the spot;
But with the dictum I can *not* agree
Which says there is no place like home for tea.
Not that I would with foolish scorn deride
The joys of tea-time by one's own fireside;
But there are subtler pleasures which to those
Are as immortal verse (like this) to prose:—
The village pub against the sunset sky,
When twenty muddy miles behind us lie,
Ridgeway and lane and footpath and, ahead,
A two-hour stretch to supper, beer and bed;
The lonely farmstead mid the Cumbrian dales,
Argyllshire's corries or the hills of Wales,

Where, black and syrupy, the potent brew
Is set for further strengthening to stew
Beside the glowing blocks of fragrant peat
(Nor dawn in Paradise could smell more sweet);
The simple trestle with coarsest crockery laid
Beneath the elm-tree's slowly lengthening shade
When throats are parched and weary feet grow sore
With fruitless galloping to save the four,
When every change of bowling is in vain
And unperturbed the batsmen still remain,
Till the despairing field no prospect see
Of aught to break the stand save death—or tea;
The skaters' tea beside the frozen lake,
The vacuum bottle and the bolted cake;
Tea in the harvest-field; tea on the shore;
These and a dozen cherished memories more
Fill my meek Muse with courage to contest
The heresy that tea at home is best.



"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE STOP THIS DREADFUL NOISE! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF SPEAK."

"BUT, MOTHER, SURELY YOU CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE SAYING WITHOUT HAVING TO LISTEN?"

Ship Models.

IV.—The Fighting *Téméraire*. Bone "Prisoner" Model.

No tusk from trackless jungle brought,
No bone of slaughtered whale
Her wreathed and Tritoned sternports wrought
And bulwarks egg-shell frail.

No warm dog-watch her building whiled
Away in tropic seas,
For no shore-anchored salt beguiled
His unaccustomed ease.

Mellow as ancient ivory
And fine as carven jade,
From beef-bones of captivity
The shapely hull was made,

Whose making helped upon their way
Such limping hours and slow
As measure out the leaden day
That none but prisoners know.

Old wars, old woes, old wasted years,
Old causes lost and won,
Old bitterness of captives' tears
As dreams—as dreams are done.

As dreams the stubborn hulls, the pride
Of masts that raked the sky.

Sea-shattering bows and oaken side
Of fighting fleets gone by.

Yet still, though thrones and systems shake
And pass and are no more,
The spars a casual touch might break
Unharm'd by Time endure.

Still, though the world in change be whelmed,
From these small mimic bows
The antique warrior, mailed and helmed,
Looks out with frowning brows

Like those beneath whose sightless stare
The sullen smoke-drift rolled
Round her, well named the *Téméraire*,
In famous fights of old.

What of her builder? Did he sail
Home to his France at last,
To tell in happier times the tale
Of wars and prisons past?

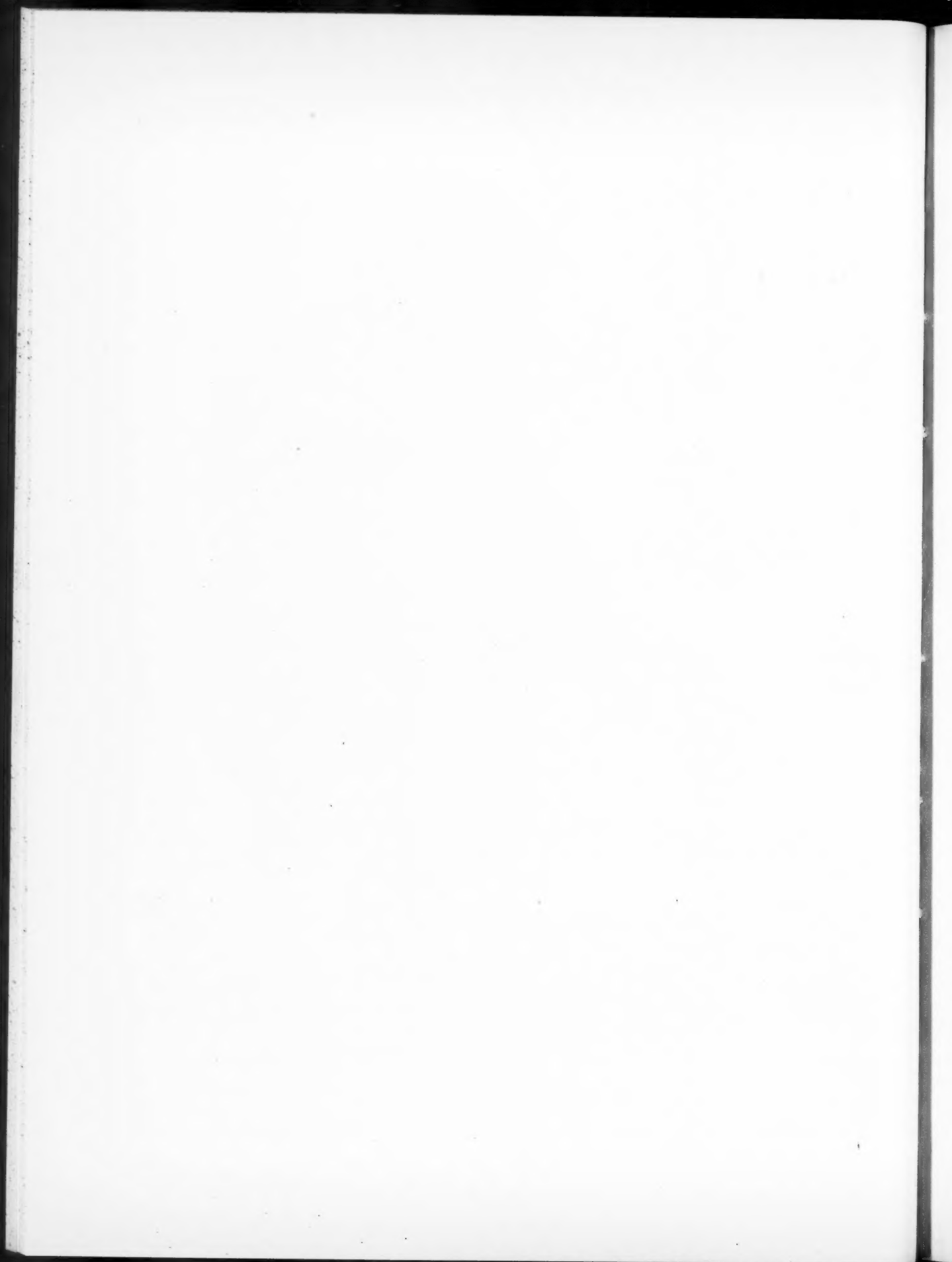
Or is, upon some gravestone hoar,
The legend plain to see:
"He was a Prisoner of War,
But Death has set him free?"

C. F. S.



THE VICTIM.

RUSSIAN BEAR. "TALK ABOUT SABOTAGE! I WISH TO LENIN SOMEBODY WOULD COME ALONG AND WRECK *THIS* MACHINE!"



The Civil Servant.

THERE seems to be a popular impression that nothing is being done in Whitehall to curb the national expenditure.

This is untrue. I speak from personal experience.

In Government offices and places where the ancient game of "dockets" is played there is a rule that persons—or perhaps "personages" would be a better word—who are in receipt of a salary which it would be both irrelevant and tactless to mention are entitled to a carpet on the floor of their office.

The underlying idea is, no doubt, that those who may by an unfortunate concatenation of unforeseen circumstances be called upon to make an instant decision must be protected from cold feet.

I am happy to say that I am a personage within the meaning of this Act. I have a carpet, which I pace most impressively when dictating.

MUSSOLINI and other dictators will agree that a carpet holds inspiration whilst linoleum holds none. I mean, you can get up a good pace on a carpet, whereas it simply sounds ridiculous on linoleum.

I only mention this to show that there is more in a carpet on the floor of one's office than actually meets the feet. It is a definite aid to civil servility in its upper reaches, if you know what I mean.

Personally I am not a civil servant; but I deal with them, and they deal back with me.

One day, not long ago, I was sitting at my desk wondering in my simple way which of the problems of Empire which the messenger had just spilled into my IN basket I was in sufficiently robust health to tackle, when the door opened and an unknown civil servant advanced through it. He was evidently a person of eminence, judging by the crease in his trousers.

"Good-morning," I said brightly.

He looked at me sourly and, having consulted a piece of flimsy paper in his hand, announced my name.

"Present and correct," I said humorously.

"You have a carpet in this office?" he said, ignoring my *bonhomie*.

"True," I said; "you stand upon it."

There was a slight but embarrassing pause.

"I love my carpet," I said. "I have paced many miles on it."

"So it seems," he said.

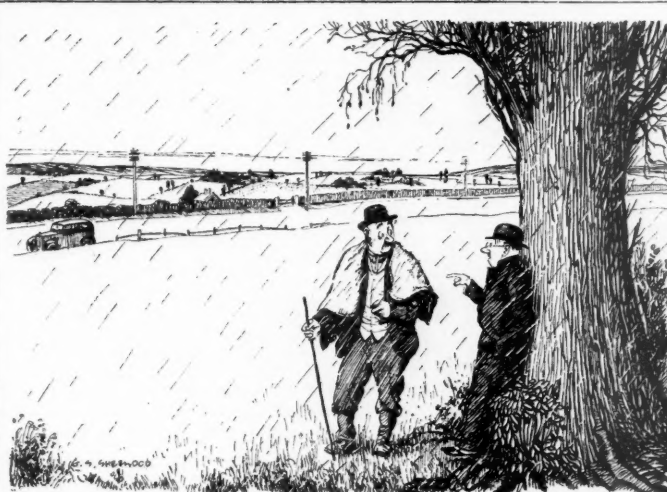
A sudden wild thought came to me. "You have not come to offer me a new carpet?" I asked.

"I have not," he replied.

"I only wondered," I murmured.

"I have come," he snarled, "to notify you that you are not entitled to a carpet in your office and to have it taken away."

I leaned back against the papers in my WAIT basket and laughed. "But, my good man," I said, "I have had this carpet for years."



"BE YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE, ZUR?"

"YES, I AM. I'VE GOT A WIRELESS SET IN MY CAR; I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO TURN IT OFF AND THERE'S A FELLOW GIVING A LECTURE."

"Precisely," he said—exactly like that.

"Do you mean that I have never been entitled to it?"

"Until to-day you were entitled to it." "And what is there peculiar about to-day?" I asked.

"To-day," he replied with infinite relish, "the further cut of one per cent. in salaries takes effect. This brings your salary one pound below the low limit for a carpet."

"I see," I said, and turned away to hide my emotion.

"When would it be convenient to have it removed?" he asked in exactly the tone of voice which doctors employ when asking the same question about one's appendix.

At that moment the man who shares my office with me came in.

"What's up?" he asked, seeing that I was deeply affected.

I told him as coherently as possible in the circumstances.

"But what about our joint salaries?" he said.

Our opponent blenched.

"Yes," I echoed, "what about that?"

"I had certainly overlooked that point," muttered the civil servant. "I will look further into the question," and, turning abruptly, he made towards the door.

"Good-morning," I said, even more brightly than in the first place.

He stopped, looked back and very nearly smiled.

"Good-mor—" he began, and then his eyes lighted on our clock. "Ah!" he cried triumphantly, "you have a clock."

"Yes," we said together, "and a good clock too."

"You are not entitled to a clock."

"Not entitled to a CLOCK!"

"No, not in this office, from which you can see Big Ben. Excuse me—" and, climbing on to a chair, he removed our timepiece from the wall, tucked it under his arm and went whistling away.

"PRETTY PARTLY-TUDOR BUNGALOW."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Did QUEEN ELIZABETH nearly sleep there?

"A number of prominent citizens was present at the ceremony and in speeches marking the occasion emphasis was paid to the fillup given to the fruit industry by the manufacture of the new drink."

Australian Paper.

It is hoped that the fill-up will soon be passed on to the consumer.

One of our eminent novelists has been so much pleased with the West Indies that it is thought that he may decide to take them.

In Memoriam.

It was with very deep regret that we learned of the death, on April 17th, of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan, some of whose delightful drawings have from time to time appeared in the pages of *Punch*.



"I'M GLAD THAT CURATE'S GONE, SIR."

"GILES, GILES! I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT."

"CAN'T HELP IT, SIR. WHAT WE WANT IS A NICE-SPOKEN YOUNG FELLER WITH A BREAK FROM THE OFF."

How We Shall Spend Our Summer.

I RECEIVED this morning a publication which reminded me that Australia is not the only place where cricket is fought. This publication is divided into two parts, comprising (1) complete fixture-lists for all the Leagues and Cup Competitions in which our village XI. will be engaged this summer; (2) Rules and Regulations governing the conduct of the aforesaid Leagues and Cup Competitions.

In the good old days our Vicar used to arrange our fixtures. He would send and receive a few postcards during April, and then, in his scholarly hand, write out three lists. One he kept himself (as Captain, Secretary and Hon. Treasurer), another was stuck up in the bar of the "Crown," and the third was displayed alongside the looking-glass in our pavilion. But to-day the whole thing has to be dealt with months before by a Board; for so complicated have matters become that it requires five people with an intricate knowledge

of permutations and combinations to decide who shall play whom, when, where and what for.

It is "what for" that is the crux of the whole matter. *Duce et auspice* our Vicar we used to have some very jolly games; nowadays we participate in a succession of grim contests. Shortly after the War a quantity of persons decided that they had made enough money to qualify for the title of country gentlemen, not to say "well-known local sportsmen," so they began to provide vast numbers of silver cups. Cricket, they felt, was the Englishman's national game, so to cricket were most of the cups allotted. Leagues sprang up like rank grass; competitions sprouted like fungi. Our village was elected, affiliated, co-opted and enrolled all over the place; so that every summer Saturday we are striving to consolidate our position at the head of this League, to avoid the dreaded bogey of relegation in that one, to win through into the final of one Cup, or in another to force a replay (after extra time).

Let me plough through these lists

and find out what we are down to do on Feast Week Saturday. . . . Nothing, apparently, since that day is set aside for the third round of the Mount-crispian Cup, in which we are certain by that stage to have lost interest. And when we could do what we liked we used to have such ripping whole-day matches with Little Midford. Lunch in a tent, a barrel of beer, plenty of innings, and dancing on the grass afterwards.

"Well," you say, "there must be lots of other teams idle that day as well. Why don't you fix up a game with one of them?"

That just shows that you don't appreciate what the competitive spirit means; that you fail to realise how deeply the lust for points and medals has entered into our souls. If any misguided individual tried to get up a game of that sort (even if the Board granted permission) everybody would say contemptuously, "Pah! It's only a friendly!" and no one would turn out. Certainly none of our battle-scarred veterans, who would probably spend their leisure re-

laxing in a game of golf or taking brine baths.

And then we come to the Rules and Regulations. Dear, dear! what a sorry opinion the Board has of humanity, and how ruthlessly it castigates the most natural impulses. BROWNING'S "twenty-nine distinct damnations, each sure if the other fails," pale into nothingness compared with the disqualifications, suspensions, losses of rights, penalties and forfeitures (social and financial) to which even our simplest actions may render us liable. For instance, anybody who is keen on cricket likes to get as much of it as he can. Once upon a time, if Such-and-such wasn't picked for us or we hadn't got a match, he would hear that Pitchbury were hard up for someone, and would bicycle over and play for them. But, good heavens, supposing that he did that to-day? Just turn to Section IV., "Players, Registration of," and see in what kind of soup we should all be!—Pitchbury, for playing a person not properly registered with them; ourselves for permitting a person properly registered with us to play for a club with which he had not been properly registered; and poor Such-and-such for being properly registered with one club but playing for another club with which he had not been properly registered. (I think I ought to explain that in order to play for a club a person has to be properly registered.)

It strikes me that if about half-a-dozen independent souls went out and played once each for some other club there would be such a crop of disqualifications, etc., that it wouldn't be surprising if most of the competitions hadn't to be abandoned altogether and— Now, that's not a bad idea. Let me see . . . I must think that over.

Umpires again. It used to be said that a village cricket-team without its umpire wasn't a village cricket-team at all, and that it didn't really matter who couldn't play so long as Old Joe was able to stand. What masters of tactics those men were! You ought to have played in some of our matches against Streffingham when we had good Old Joe and they had that cheating swine Poffin. You'd have learnt something then. But now all this fine individualism is dead—crushed. Personality is stifled. So that when we play Streffingham on June 10th our appeals will be negated by a couple of automata appointed by the Board. Gaunt suspicious-looking men with no



"GO ON, ALF, PLAY SOMETHING IMPRESSIVE, LIKE A ORATORIO."

red blood in them. Bates (S.) and Wilson (G.), or something unromantic like that. Men who stand aloof and say "No" to a nice glass of beer. (See Section VII. B, "Umpires, Attempted Bribery of.")

And now I must stop, for I have to wade into this welter of dates and extract therefrom all that pertains to us—not forgetting to note that "May 29th is the last day for forwarding complaints and protests arising out of the first round of the Swynested Cup," and that "all objections to umpires must be sent in in triplicate." And, by the way, those of you who used to come down for three weeks in August and have some rather jolly days out in the sun—well, you needn't bother to bring your cricket-bags this year, for they've

tightened up the rules about being properly registered, adding a residential qualification clause.

But if I can get hold of those independent souls and so fix things that we get some real cricket after all, I will let you know.

A golfer recently got married on a Saturday afternoon. Apparently he had drawn a bye in the week-end club competition.

The W.P.B. Trick.

"The Statutory Commission surveyed all the great field in India. That report, without any consideration by Parliament, which had appointed it, was thrown into the wastepaper basket, and the Round-Table Conference emerged."—*Daily Paper*.

Guide to Conversation.

ARE not hospitals, nursing-homes and sick-rooms generally amongst the few spots on earth where conversation is at a discount?

No, they are not.

(The student of the manual has by this time got thoroughly well used to being in the wrong, so we make no apology for putting him there again.)

Hospitals and the other places enumerated above are perfect hives of conversation all day long—and their day, moreover, begins far earlier than most—although this is not by the wish of those who are so rightly called the patients. Sometimes conversation even goes on in the middle of the night too—especially in nursing-homes. As thus:—

Night-Sister. Not asleep? Well, well, well! We shall have to tell Doctor about this in the morning.

Patient. I think perhaps if I could have another *pillow*—

Night-Sister. Another pillow? Oh, I don't think we want another *pillow*, do we? Suppose I were to bring you another *blanket*, now . . . ?

She very kindly brings another blanket, which is thrown off by the patient directly she leaves the room, and no more is heard of her until 5.30 A.M., when the patient has just dropped off into a doze and she suddenly reappears in order to ask, very brightly indeed, "Now, what about a Nice Cup of Tea?"

In the Staff-Room.

"And all I can say is, dear, if Sister thinks she can talk to me like that, in front of the probationers too, she's absolutely mistaken. As I said to her at the time, 'Sister,' I said . . ."

"Tea, dear?"

" . . . And it isn't as if I hadn't the *experience* either. Why, I could tell you things about the operating-theatre that would simply make you *scream* with laughter. . . ."

"What about that kettle and a nice cup of tea?"

" . . . After all, your time off is your time off, is what I say."

(To which a general chorus replies, "That's right," as indeed it is.)

A Sympathetic Visitor to the Appendix in No. 6.

"So I felt that I must come round at once, directly I heard you were to be *done* to-morrow, because I know what agony it is directly afterwards, and one can't talk or anything, naturally. I shall never forget poor dear Flossie—you remember she died just the other day? though I daresay that hadn't *really* anything to do with the operation. I went to see her nearly a week after she'd been operated on, and I shall never forget what she looked like—pale mauve, darling, I assure you—and the *whole* of her hair had fallen out. Literally it came out in chunks. She used to find it on the pillow in the mornings. Of course I daresay the rest may do you good, once the worst is over. You look so pale and tired, dear; I almost feel I oughtn't to have come, except that I did so want to cheer you up a little before the great ordeal. . . ."

A Convalescent.

"No, thank you very much indeed, Nurse, I don't really want to hear about your Cousin Harold, or any more about your Cousin Harold's brother's friend in the Mental Hospital. And, honestly, I don't care much if I never hear another word about your Aunt May and the twelve operations either. And you can take away the tapioca, because

nothing will induce me to touch it, and I don't want a nice cup of tea, and, what's more, I don't suppose I ever shall again as long as I live."

(But we must frankly admit that the whole of this last rather eloquent little monologue takes place in the *for intérieur* of the patient and is never by any chance spoken aloud. However, it all helps to pass away the time between being washed and lying between the sheets and then being washed again. And it can always be added to and improved upon hour by hour.)

And whilst we are on the subject it may be as well to mention that there is, as always, a special technique required in conversations about ill-health (which is the only kind of health that ever does get talked about) between near relations.

We will suppose that Aunt Theodora—perhaps never the brightest member of the family circle—has announced at breakfast that, as a matter of fact, it really doesn't matter at all, but she didn't *sleep* very well last night.

Does this lead to a chorus of anxious inquiries?

Not it. The only chorus it leads to is the following:—

"How was that, I wonder? I didn't sleep very well myself. It was one o'clock before I went off."

"Personally I'm quite used to lying awake. I can sleep in the early *mornings*, if you see what I mean, but not at *night*."

"Was that last night? Funny thing, I couldn't get to sleep myself. I had a slight headache."

Naturally Aunt Theodora's frail complaint gets completely overlaid, and this, we are sorry to say, is always the case with everybody who suffers from anything at all and mentions it in the home. Everybody else has either had it too, or is having it, or feels it coming on in the near future.

So that if, after taking the trouble to master everything that the manual has taught in this article, the student still wants to discuss the great topic of health, let him see to it that he does so in a proper Institution and *not* in the dear old homestead.

E. M. D.

A Springtime Lament.

Oh, the primroses grow in the spinneys and fields
And the bluebells are deep in the wood,
But with every new flower that the countryside yields
I remember the thrill again
Over the hill again,
After a fox when the running was good.

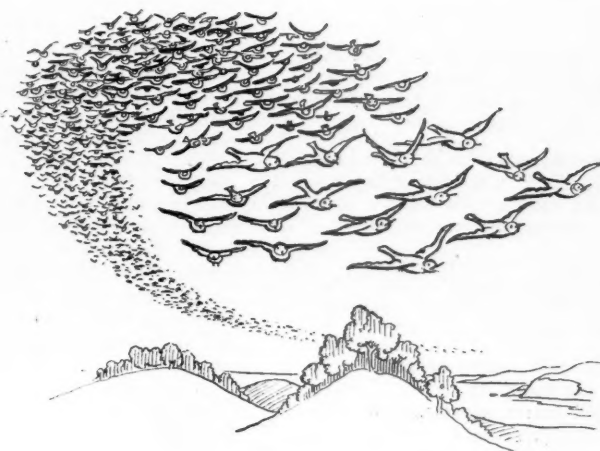
The cuckoo is singing; the chirrup-chirp-cheep
Of the blackbird at sunset and dawn
Fills the meadows with song, but *my* heart leaps up
When I think of the grey light,
The first peep-of-day light,
The cry of the hounds and the huntsman's horn.

Though the rabbits abound on the grass as the sun
Goes later and later to bed,
I had rather the end of a glorious run,
Riding back in the gloaming,
The black rooks all homing,
And the "Horse and Hound" windows a-glowing bright red.

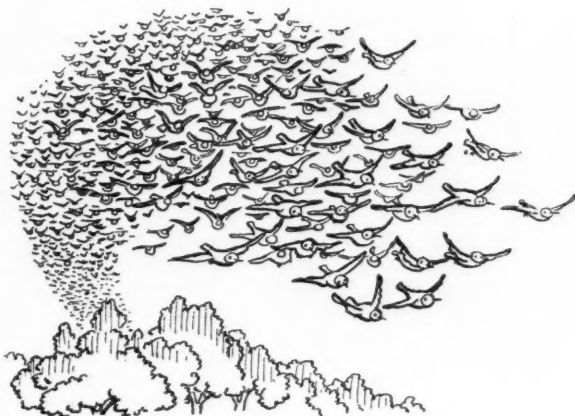
The daisies are white where we galloped across
And the buttercups nod by the stream;
Yellow dandelions grow where the best took a toss;
The field's full of clover,
The hunting's all over,
And the coats red and black gone away like a dream.



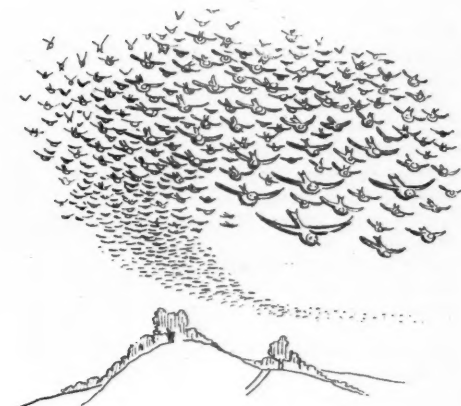
WE OFTEN WONDER—



WHAT IT IS—



THAT CAUSES THE MIGRATION EACH YEAR—



OF BIRDS—



TO ENGLAND.

Fitz

A Cri-de-Cœur to a Young Lady.

I KNOW it looks rather absurd to
Present my request in this way;
Perhaps I am breaking my word, too—
Be that as it may.

However, last month, when I opened
My *Times*, the *Society News*
Put an end to my last ray of hope, and
I sent you my views.

In a letter soon after—that Scotsmen
Are fortunate all the world through—
Prime Ministers, editors, yachtsmen . . .
Now one had got You.

Yes, I know you were charm-
ing about it;
Said you wanted me al-
ways as friend;
But still neither one of us
doubted
That this was the end.

So a week or two later we
parted;
You were lovely and kind
to the last;
And, though I was then
broken-hearted,
I'm mending quite fast.

But I'd lent you some books.
They're the worry;
It's they about which I'm
concerned;
For, though not in any great
hurry,
I'd like them returned.

Will you send 'em back soon
without fail, dear,
Before you get married?
And pray
Forgive me this "indirect
mail," dear;
There's no other way.

At the Opera.

"THE SNOW MAIDEN"
(SADLER'S WELLS).

MISS LILIAN BAYLIS certainly scores an inner with her courageous production of *The Snow Maiden*—a middle-period RIMSKY-KORSAKOV—now heard in England for the first time. It is an opera particularly well adapted to its special audience, which is prepared to come early and sit late; tells a story of which the essentials can be substantially gathered from the action without reliance on the fond illusion that much help in detail is given by translation into the vernacular—a pretty enough fairy-tale story to which the standard Russian pessimism unreasonably insists on giving an untoward ending.

It has many of the elements of the Higher Pantomime, an aspect which Madame ELIZABETH POLUNIN deliberately emphasises in her fantastic and indeed garish costumes, subordinating the romantic to the bizarre, and perhaps sometimes to the slightly ridiculous, as in the green *Faun* with his celanese mask, *Winter* with shining white mackintosh and dependent icicles, the head-gear of the boyars which might well have come from the crackers of the original TOM SMITH, and the rather solemn night-gowns of the attendants of *Spring*. In her twittering birds, and dancing trees a more delicate fancy and invention find play. I imagine that a strictly

the rich young merchant from the town (Mr. SUMNER AUSTIN) to claim his bride, *Koupava* (Miss JOAN CROSS). One glance at the tiny little *Snow Maiden* and *Koupava* is forgotten, much to the indignation of the local moot. *Misgir* is haled before good *Tsar Berendey* (Mr. TUDOR DAVIES), patron of the arts and ardent modernist, whom we find painting his palace all over with the queerest *motifs* in the most startling colours—we feel sure he designed the policewomen's helmets, (inverted) as finials to the ribs of the groined roof.

Death is apparently the penalty for breach of promise, but mercy suggests mere outlawry and banishment, and still further gives the culprit a sporting chance. *Misgir* must win the *Snow Maiden's* love—his Majesty has a high opinion of love as the fundamental industry of his subjects—by the morrow, in competition with shepherd *Lehl*. After some ungentlemanly approaches in a wood, from which the green faun delivers the startled *Snegourochka*, *Misgir*, making a more tactful effort, looks like being rewarded when the sun-god, who has a grudge against the daughter of *Winter* and *Spring*, rises over the hills and the little *Snow Maiden* melts away in her lover's arms, only her bridal veil remaining. *Misgir* plunges into the lake. *Tsar*, boyars and peasantry, giving a perfunctory glance at the spreading ripples, wash their hands of the affair and proceed with the closing chorus, and the audience which, like the good audience



THE ALLEGED FLOWER-PAINTER.

Tsar Berendey Mr. TUDOR DAVIES.

limited budget forced her to the extreme exploitation of the cheapest stuffs and figments, a limitation which is as much a stimulus as a handicap if the brains and invention are there, as here clearly they are.

Winter and *Spring* permit their daughter, *Snegourochka*, the *Snow Maiden* (Miss OLIVE DYER), to enter the realm of mortals as foster-child of a hard-drinking peasant buffoon. The local swains register the warmest appreciation, especially one *Lehl*, a shepherd (Miss EDITH COATES). But the *Snow Maiden* has a cold heart. She likes his singing (as do we) but shrinks from his embraces, a reticence to which that young man, who has a good conceit of himself, is unaccustomed. Then with much bustle and distribution of largesse comes *Misgir*,

it is, has listened without interruption, lets itself go in one of those genuine bursts of applause which distinguish the ecstatically from the perfunctorily enjoyed performance. Mr. LAWRENCE COLLINGWOOD has drilled his orchestra to a precision of attack that, I confess, surprised me. The clear tenor of Mr. TUDOR DAVIES; Miss OLIVE DYER's cold clear notes; Miss EDITH COATES's pleasant mezzo, especially in the only well-known melody, the ballad in Act III., and Mr. SUMNER AUSTIN's dramatic intensity were all to our taste.

The Vic Wells ballet, admirable auxiliary of the Opera Company, had too little to do for my liking but fluttered delicately as the birds and moved with austere grace in the solemn dance of the flowers. The best of the dancing however came from the five clowns,

with Mr. STANLEY JUDSON as their leader. It was really difficult to distinguish this in spirit and in technical execution from the work of their distinguished native Russian models—which is the highest praise that can be given. An honest and intelligent piece of work. T.

At the Play.

"THE SOLDIER AND THE GENTLE-WOMAN" (VAUDEVILLE).

Should a play ever be based upon a novel? Here, at any rate, is an interesting case of a play which fails to come up with its novel in tragic intensity, and which is indeed hampered dramatically by its close dependence upon it.

In the book Miss HILDA VAUGHAN took a woman's insane devotion to ancestry and bricks and timber and made convincing tragedy of it—tragedy which engulfed inevitably the weak decent little husband whisked from Streatham to the wilds of Wales by the accidents of heredity and war. But in this adaptation, by the late Miss DOROTHY MASSINGHAM and Mr. LAURIER LISTER, the element of tragedy is so uncertain that we can fairly say that it drops occasionally to melodrama and is at times raised above a tragic level only by the excellence of the acting.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Miss VAUGHAN was able in the printed word to make her chief character "Plás Eion," the house itself. Decayed and sinister and grand, it was a sort of family mausoleum. In her description of its deadly fascination for *Gwenllian Eion-Thomas* tragedy was implicit. But the literary significance which "Plás Eion" assumed was a thing almost impossible to transfer to the stage, where no amount of suggestion could make the house as vital as its occupants.

The Great War had broken two links in the *Eion-Thomas* chain, and so *Dick*, a forgotten cousin, came into the property. He was a simple-minded ex-officer who would have been perfectly happy with a curly-blond wife and a suburban back-garden "Plás Eion" struck him (and we felt for him) as a barrack crying out in the wilderness for central heating and electric lighting and frequent parties of the chaps from town to beat it up a bit. The duties of a landowner appalled him equally, for nothing in his education had fitted him to sit in rural committee or to do strange animals to death in fancy-dress. The

only thing he really liked was the money, and that was limited.

Gwenllian, on the other hand, had lived at "Plás Eion" all her life. It was her life, and rather than leave it she lured *Dick* into marrying her. Their future depended on whether she, much the stronger of the two, would permit a compromise between a stately preservation of the *Eion-Thomas* position and her husband's excusable desire for a spot of jazz and occasional relief in the South of France. But *Gwenllian's* obsession was too rooted, *Dick's* resistance too feeble. Only when in his

Miss DOROTHY DIX was not so sombre as the *Gwenllian* I had pictured, nor so black and undivided in mind; but her study of *Gwenllian's* increasing insanity and susceptibility to superstition was clever and controlled, and towards the end she carried us well over the tragic line.

Mr. MAURICE EVANS was perfectly cast and, except for the matter of marrying *Gwenllian*, his *Dick* was entirely credible. In the Second Act he rose to brilliance as the pathetic little man neurotically at bay.

Amongst the minor characters Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER's Welsh doctor was an admirable and moving piece of acting.

Gloomy and unpleasant, this play has an average share of good moments. It might more aptly have been called *The Diehard Lady and the Suburban Gentleman*. ERIC.

Mr. Punch would like to remind his readers that during the week of May 1st—6th, Miss RUTH DRAPER will give nine performances at the St. James' Theatre, the entire proceeds of which she is generously presenting to eleven exceedingly deserving charities. Tickets, ranging from 2/- to £2 2s., can be obtained from Miss L. TERRY LEWIS, (Room 22) Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1; Telephone: Gros. 2211.

In his recent notice of *Scott of Abbotsford*, our critic stated in error that its author was Mr. W. E. GUNN; we hasten to transfer our congratulations to Miss WINIFRED GUNN, who wrote the play.

Acrobats All.

"We hear," said the Bishop, "of women and girls from good Belgrade families who spend their nights in the underground resorts of the town, with crossed legs and cigarettes in their mouths, singing and dancing all the night."—*Sunday Paper*.

"In other quiet rooms, where a mere football sounds like an explosion. . . ." *Daily Paper*.

With the aid of a pin, it would.

"SPORTS WEAR FEATURES. DON'T BE AFRAID OF BUYING YOURS NOW." *Sunday Paper*.

Mr. Punch has decided, in spite of this offer, to carry on with the same old face.

"Thanks to a large list of new members the — now has over 2,000 members—on paper. There is, alas! always a snag in the ointment."—*Review*.

And often a crab in the salad.



MISGIR GETS THE FROZEN MITT FROM THE SNOW MAIDEN.

The Faun Mr. JOHN GREENWOOD.
Misgir Mr. SUMNER AUSTIN.
Snow Maiden Miss OLIVE DYER.

cups had he the strength of mind to rebel. There was never any real chance for the marriage.

Their tragedy would have been more gripping could we have believed in the likelihood of *Dick's* quixotic proposal to *Gwenllian*; its improbability, which to a lesser degree was apparent in the novel, weakened the whole structure of the play.

The opening scenes were broken up by what seemed to be unnecessary intrusions from the novel; but the Second and Third Acts showed a great improvement, although a wife's seduction, for the sake of an heir, of a husband who is living apart from her, is hardly a pretty spectacle.



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

First Amateur Jockey (remounting after being knocked out). "HULLO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE RIDING IN THE SECOND RACE?"
Second Amateur Jockey. "THIS IS THE SECOND RACE."

Beauty this Season.

To many and many a girl there is a cloud of uncertain colour looming in the fair heaven of the approaching Season. Her finger-nails. Shall they be scarlet, like her sports-car, or pink, like the mayonnaise on which she will be fed, or just left the tame hue of nature? At present they are mostly being bitten in an agony of indecision.

A more timely moment could not therefore have been chosen for the edicts of the Annual Mid-West Beauty Show, held in Chicago, which should have world-wide repercussions. They make delicious reading that should gladden the heart of every girl.

Broadly speaking, this is to be a richly mineral year for nails. It is to be good-bye to the old raw-meat range. Gold and platinum and pearl, say the pundits of Chicago, for evening wear, to match the flapjack and the slippers; but they extend their sanction also to most of the metals and nearly all the precious stones. A girl can hardly go wrong if she makes out a list of subterranean deposits, other than the more effervescent salts and those in her local

bank, and selects her colour with the jab of a pin.

I have read through the list with great care, and my advice to a girl lacking in imagination or mineralogical knowledge is to spend a morning before a jeweller's or ironmonger's window and let what she sees seep slowly into her mind. Her choice of tint will be easily translated into a pot of polish at any decent beauty-parlour, and can then be gracefully and publicly applied.

In honour of America's new-found freedom the wine colours are also to be allowed. But in this sphere a girl should not act rashly without first threshing the matter out with her father or a reputable wine-merchant, for nothing could be socially more hampering to a débutante than to have her nails crying Grocer's Port.

So far so good. All this comes as a huge relief to those on whom the mere accident of sex has imposed these inevitable responsibilities, and also to the horde of romantic poets of the Season, who can now get ahead with verses beginning

"My Julia comes with chromiumed claw;"

or

"O little thumb, whose every glint
Proclaims the treasures of the Mint."

But many of us would have liked the assembled beauticians of Chicago to have gone much further while they were about it.

There is, for instance, the disquieting rumour going round the parlours that before the Season is out posies of wild-flowers tattooed on the tip of the nose will be all the rage.

Then there is the whisper, in some circles unhushed, that voluminous aluminium eyebrows of modern cut are to be the next thing, screwed firmly into the forehead. And there has been much talk, I understand, of the æsthetic advantages of tying the ears into neat rolls for evening wear, as one would with bacon or unwanted linoleum. The notion that the tip of the tongue presents an admirable field either for dye or for a plantation of precious stones is also very prevalent. And the resuscitation of the sandal opens up the whole question of what to do with the toe-nails.

These and kindred problems demand speedy solution if our girls are to have any real peace of mind. Would it not be in the spirit of the times to hold a World Conference of Beauticians and come to some permanent conclusions?

ERIC.



District Visitor. "I THOUGHT THE DOCTOR PUT YOU ON A LIGHT DIET, LIZZIE?"
Lizzie. "I'VE 'AD ME DIET, MISS SMITH, AND NOW I'M 'AVING ME DINNER."

Hans Christian Andersen.

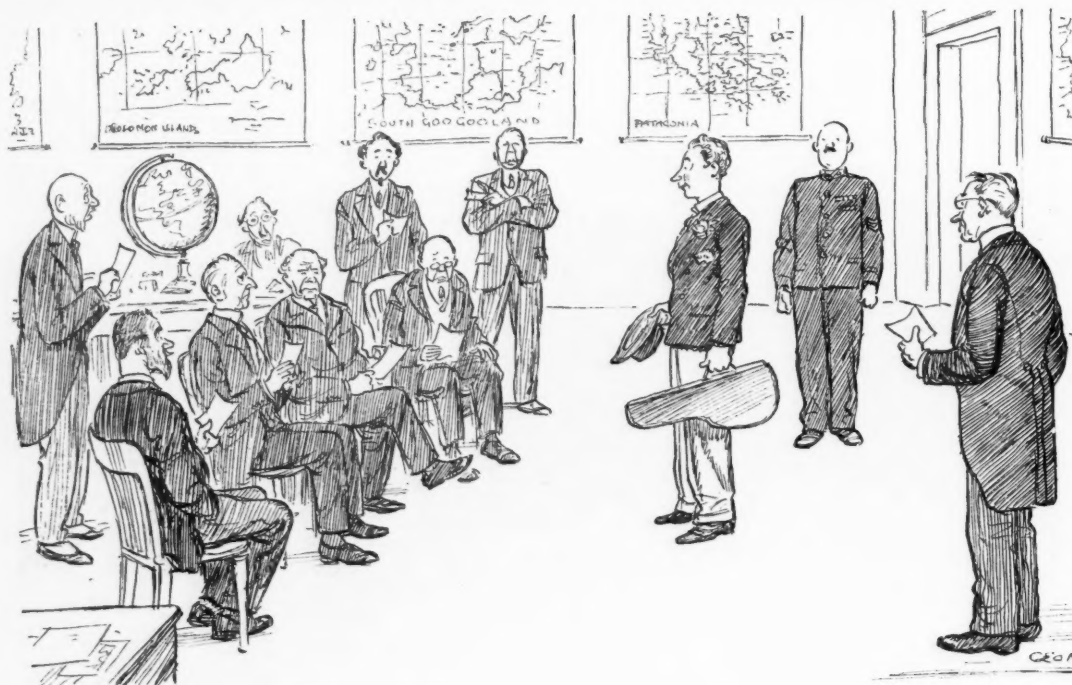
An April Birthday.

'Tis a century and a quarter gone
 Since the stork delayed on his southward way
 And the April sun on a cradle shone
 Where the youngest poet in Denmark lay.
 The months went by and the swift years sped,
 And the weaver of charm to manhood grew,
 And his beautiful thoughts on the world were shed
 As April scatters the dew.

The children's hearts in unnumbered lands
 Have thrilled to his stories lovingly told,
 And their elders have dreamed with folded hands
 O'er the magic book with its leaves of gold;

For *Hjalmar* and *Rudy* and *Ole Luk-Oie*,
Christine and *Ib* and *Gerda* and *Kay*
 Have filled the earth with a measure of joy
 No time can take away.

For his silver moon and his red-rose tree,
 For *Elsa's* swans and for *Karen's* shoes,
 Crowned among poets should this one be
 Had I giving of honour and right to choose;
 The children's friend and the dreamers' pride,
 The happy comrade of countless hours,
 Who came in that far-off April-tide
 And brought us his gift of flowers. W. H. O.



Chairman of Committee, Royal Geographical Society (to applicant for post on a Polar Expedition). "BUT YOU DON'T APPEAR TO HAVE HAD ANY EXPERIENCE. WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

"I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT REQUIRE SOMEONE TO ACT AS OFFICIAL LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY."

Our Booking Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Street Scene in Rome.

RARELY has success come so swiftly to an author as it has come to Mr. NIS PETERSEN of Denmark. With a single novel he has conquered Europe. And certainly *The Street of the Sandalmakers* (LOVAT DICKSON, 7/6), in the accomplished translation of ELIZABETH SPRIGGE and CLAUDE NAPIER, is an arresting piece of work, displaying a rich imagination and an abundant invention, lifelike portraiture and a sense of humour both cosmic and particular. It is a story of Rome in the days of MARCUS AURELIUS, a city beleaguered and plague ridden, with a temple to some alien god at every corner; but though we are given glimpses of such historic notables as LUCIUS VERUS, GALEN and LUCIAN it is into a motley world of the obscure that Mr. PETERSEN plunges us, a teeming world of shopkeepers and policemen, priests, beggars and ladies of pleasure. In it two figures are specially accented, a father and son who are unaware of their relationship—the ineffectual, dilettante *Marcellus*, martyred for a faith which he has hardly accepted, and the engaging black-eyed imp, *Jon*. But both are often lost in the crowd, and it is the crowd which gives this book its peculiar vitality.

Munchhausen at Hong-Kong.

Whether invented or not—and his editor professes herself by no means sure that he did not invent himself—the hero of *Pull Devil—Pull Baker* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is undeniably compact of imagination. It is, however, a lofty romantic

imagination, for Count DE TOULOUSE LAUTREC DE SAVINE, whose intriguing portrait faces Miss STELLA BENSON's latest title-page, is by his own account the most blue-blooded of Russo-Gallic aristocrats, with a pedigree reaching back to the Crusades and an elective claim to the throne of Bulgaria. Encountered as an aged pauper in a Hong-Kong hospital, the Count, for a consideration, entrusted Miss BENSON with memoirs, written and verbal, of his career. These, his editor pleads, must be read at a run, by eye rather than by intellect, if they are to make their due impression. Having encountered some of them serially, I whole-heartedly admit that they are far more effective here. The two strains of interest indicated in the title—the Count's Ouidaesque, mis-spelt narrative of "loving" and "triky" adventures and Miss BENSON's amusing and ironic commentary—need an accustomed palate for their appreciation.

Walking Out.

Roberta, in Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA's novel, *Magic Quest* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), was a remarkable girl in many ways, but in none more than in looking her best in shorts, as anyone who motors into London on summer Sunday evenings must agree. She crashes, shorts and all, into the life of a middle-aged fashionable painter and persuades him to go walking with her and to leave the large and rapacious family circle who batten on him to their own devices. The action of the story is divided between the efforts of the family to recapture their prey, the artist's doubts as to whether he is not too old for *Roberta*, and hers as to whether she would not be just as bad for his morale as the family has been. All ends happily for the principal characters, and no sane reader will care what

happens to the rest. Mr. McKENNA writes attractively of the joys—only—of hiking and has produced the two most preposterous characters—financier and colonel—to be encountered in a season's fiction.

Hearn the Hunter.

Here's murderous or mild life
In forest, fen and fern—
Strange Happenings in Wild Life,
As seen by Mr. HEARN,
Of creatures the confronter
A camera at hand,
A loving *Hearn the Hunter*,
He haunts the pleasant land.

His pictures are perfection,
His stories are, I think,
As happy a collection
As ere saw printer's ink;
He knows when owls are luminous
And why the wagtail wags,
And when we say, "There's room
in us
For more," he never flags.

And I in every letter
His Nature book commend
As one you'll hardly better
As one (you may depend
On this) that you'll be buying
When giving's to be done;
You'll get it on applying
To Messrs. HUTCHINSON.

The Pleasure-Plot.

With the all-round gardening text-book we have almost, I feel, reached saturation-point. It is the suggestive jottings of the experimenter that we desire to meet and master nowadays. Mr. AVRAY TIPPING's enthusiasm and knowledge have had over seventy years to grow in, and the experience and sympathy he embodies in *The Garden of To-Day* (HOPKINSON, 7/6) should prove a double godsend to the amateur for whom the book is written. Confining himself entirely to the pleasure-plot, Mr. TIPPING ignores fruit and vegetables and lavishes himself on garden architecture, flowers, shrubs and ornamental trees. His outstanding excellence is respect for personality—the personality of the site, of the gardener, of the plant. The gardener is not to be imposed on the ground but to grow out of it. It is not to grow everything but to reflect nature's bias and the gardener's. We are warned indeed that renunciations are inevitable; and gardening, as I do myself, on a limestone crag, I found the delightful chapter on rhododendrons almost unbearably tantalising. But I can comfort myself with *dianthi*, on which theme, as on so many others, the oldest lore and the newest are here inspiringly blended.

The Verger at Home.

I have occasionally, while being shepherd round a cathedral with a batch of assorted visitors, allowed my fancy to play with speculations as to what vergers do with



Coach. "FIRST THING YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS TO UNLEARN ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT GOLF. IT WON'T TAKE A MINUTE."

themselves when they are not, so to speak, a-verging. Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL's *Vicars' Walk* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) goes a good way towards solving the problem. It deals with the cathedral called in it "Fountains"—Mr. VACHELL frankly admits that it is Wells, except for the *dramatis personae*—neither from a Trollopean nor a Walpolean standpoint. *Vicars' Walk* is a sort of lay close wherein are housed the lesser luminaries—vergers, scriveners and the rest—who revolve around the greater lights such as the Bishop and the Dean, and the story concerns the influence of the Cathedral on the lives and characters of those who dwell there in its shadow as well as with the effects of the changes brought about by the War even in this quiet backwater. The book is marked by the same sort of quiet humour which distinguished *Quinnys*, and should find many friends among those seeking escape from the effluvia of ultra-modern fiction into a cleaner and more wholesome atmosphere.

Synthetic Woe.

MR. GEOFFREY MOSS plunges his queer stick of a hero, *Laurence Matlock of Thursby* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), into a really terrible pickle. When the dying *Biddie*, who had deserted him some seventeen years before the story opens for a gay gunner and had been deserted in turn, commends, through a friend, her sixteen-year-old *Flora* to his care she omitted to mention that the girl was *Laurence's*, not the gunner's, daughter. *Laurence*, a man of principle, sound churchman, joint M.F.H., J.P., C.C., model employer, passionate gardener, who has so long lived alone, generously, if reluctantly, accepts the charge. The pretty ward, fresh from her convent, brings light and laughter to gloomy Thursby. Two years pass. Guardian and ward are inseparable. The County gossips. It cuts and wrecks the Thursby ball. The obstinate squire, conscious of honest purpose, blind to the state of his own heart or of hers, washes his hands of the County, gives up hounds, ignores the advice of friends—and is engulfed. Making agonised confession to his crony the General of his shameful betrayal of trust as guardian, he learns the truth and the full measure of the disaster into which, as he perhaps rather arbitrarily decides, "the Furies" have driven him. A manufactured rather than an inevitable tragedy it seemed to me, I confess.

Quiet Entertainment.

MISS MARY JOHNSTON has forsaken her early close-knit manner and taken up with an impressionistic style which I do not like quite so well. She tells the story of *Miss Delicia Allen* (BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) with apt framings and brisk touches, but the tale itself is the merest novelette. The heroine is described by another character as lively, but she does not put her liveliness into either action or conversation. Towards the close of the book, the coming of the Civil War effectually damps this quality in everybody. However, English readers as well as American love to linger in the sentimental byways of Old Virginia and listen to the voices of darkies issuing intermittently from the background. It is an innocent if somewhat slow pastime.

An Unfortunate Stroke.

MR. R. E. SWARTWOUT, who steered the Cambridge crew three years ago, has chosen a most unusual scene and setting for *The Boat Race Murder* (GRAYSON AND GRAYSON, 7/6). A fortnight before the day of the race *Alan Strayler*, the Cambridge stroke, was found pinioned and dead in the bathroom of the Putney house where the crew were living. Sensations and then suspicions followed. Clearly and cleverly Mr. SWARTWOUT describes the atmosphere of tension that preceded the crime, and afterwards he is adroit in keeping his readers guessing; but when the solution of the mystery is revealed I confess that it seemed to me far

from convincing. On one point, however, Mr. SWARTWOUT has convinced me, and it is that a cox's job is even more unenviable than I imagined.

An Eye for an Eye.

Hugh Drummond and *Ronald Standish*, in *Knock-Out* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), are engaged in a sturdy contest against as villainous a gang as "SAPPER," even in his most exuberant moments has up to now produced. These criminals, who wished to wreck and discredit England, began by killing an official of the Home Office with a pen that was also a pistol. A very nasty piece of work, and one that *Standish* correctly considered was "one of the most amazing crimes of modern times." Familiar as I am with *Drummond's* powers of recovery I have never known him more perilously placed than during this battle, in which both brains and brawn are freely used. "SAPPER" may sometimes place a super-tax on our powers of belief, but at any rate he always keeps the pot of excitement at boiling-point.

Life and Laughter.

I do not as a rule like books that are used as vehicles whereby the author can perambulate mentally from one character to another, argue against himself, prove his infallibility and point his own jokes; but then that particular trick of the novelist has seldom been played so cunningly or so wittily as in *Love Affair* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 7/6), whose author, Miss DOROTHY BUCK, has got a great deal off her own chest and made us laugh at the unburdening. Her exponents of life are a mad old man, a Russian murderer, a spinster with ideas, *Sylvia* (a rather icy and superior young lady), and *Reginald*, who is neither here nor there. The latter couple meet in Tunisia, fall in love (the one casually, the other with some earnestness), and their elopement is brought to halt in a low hotel in a plague-stricken district. Romance unromantic makes each very much aware of the other's nature; they are alternately irritated, jealous and absurd, and their conversation becomes more and more unsuitable for repetition at the most broadminded tea-parties. As the publishers remark, the reader is "uncertain whether to smile or be shocked"; but laughter should win, for the book is very funny and very clever.

Say It With Wild-Flowers.

"This is one of the points where nature-study in schools may be confidently expected to yield valuable protective results, and the remarks from the Wild Plant Conversation Board do well to stress that side of the educational campaign."—*Manchester Paper*.

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"YES, SIR, HAIR CUT OR SHAVE?"
"NEITHER, CURSE YOU! FALSE BEARD AND WIG, AT ONCE."